

## **Mommy 33**

### Chapter 33

#### Fiona's POV

She couldn't sleep. She tried to, but she couldn't shut her eyes. There was just so much she knew and couldn't stop thinking

about. The Lycan king had the plague. He had had it for over a decade.

He had it before they met over five years ago, before their affair, which brought about the conception of the twins. He was right;

he would have infected everything that crossed paths with him in the last ten years if his plague was like the others, but it wasn't.

At least that was something good.

He couldn't have given the plague to her sons in the time he spent with them. That was physical touch and closeness.

Did they also have the plague since they were a product of him? They didn't have the plague; they couldn't

Her theory was that they either didn't take that from him or they did, and she cured them with her powers while they were still in

her belly.

In any case, they were as safe as they should be.

She had wanted the night-her first dinner with the Lycan king-to be memorable, and now it was. She would never forget

everything that had happened. She would take it to her grave.

She didn't know what to make of him-the Lycan king. After everything so far, she didn't know if he was a good person or if there

was evil lying underneath that goodness. There was so much she needed to know-so much truth that had to be uncovered. She

needed to know how his plague came about and if his father had it.

Her work here just doubled.

Since she agreed to heal him, she would have to fix him into her time at the settlement. It wouldn't be easy, but it was a

responsibility she had to take on. She had to figure out a way to do everything quickly and put this place behind her.

A few minutes past midnight, her eyes fluttered.

The next day started roughly, and it was expected considering the activities of the night before.

The plague had come out in their hundred, and the sight of them terrified her. It felt as though the more she healed, the more the

numbers grew. She had to find a way to deal with the plague faster.

Seven hours into the day, Jace came to the settlement to inform her that the Lycan king demanded her presence in his court. Her

heart skipped a beat at the mention of his name, but she said nothing before rising from the healing room and following him.

They arrived at the Lycan king's castle, and he silently took her inside. They stepped into the king's court, and she picked up his

scent. She had been around it last night, and it was warm and alluring. They stepped in together, and without waiting to be

dismissed, he took a step back and exited the door. Please bookmark site [novelxo.org](http://novelxo.org) to read latest content. If you want to read lightnovel please visit [allnovelnext.com](http://allnovelnext.com) to read fastest content.

She now stood alone, watching the Lycan king in the room alone. He was in his seat, and he closed the book in his hand as soon

as Jace took his departure.

"Good day, my king

He set the book down before him. "You do not have to call me by my title. My name is Julian, and I think you already know that.

She did, but that didn't mean she had to take the name. They didn't have an informal relationship, so she didn't want

to take his name.

"Is that a suggestion or a command?" She asked.

His gaze

narrowed and lifted to lock in hers. "It's a suggestion; there are no commands here. I would like to see you more

than the healer here to heal my land of this evil plague.

"That is what I am, though." She argued.

"Being a healer is part of who you are, but that isn't what defines you. You are still a being of intelligence, strength, and integrity.

He explained.

Did she come here to work or to be wooed? She wondered to herself.

"I am highly flattered that you see me as such. I will call you your name when I feel I have to," she answered.

He nodded and raised his hand in surrender. "As you wish, Sky" He told her and rose to his feet.

She drew a sharp breath. He was seated earlier, and somehow she didn't notice the man she spoke to, but now that he stood,

she did. He had a black long jacket on his khaki trousers and a sky-blue shirt. His shirt had a few buttons undone, and she could

see a tease of the hair on his chest. The sight of them caused a tingle within her..

She shook the nasty thought out of her head; she didn't want to S\*\*ualize him that way anymore.

He took a step towards her, and her heart picked up in pace. If he noticed the change in her with his movement, he didn't bother.

He took another step, and he was covering up much space with his step. She calculated two more steps, and he would be right

in front of her.

His scent will engulf her and steal her senses away.

"Come with me," he said, and as she snapped out of her thought, she saw him on the left side of the court with his right hand

placed against the wall. He pushed slowly, and the wall parted to reveal a passage.

"Where are we going?" she asked, although she was already walking towards him.

He didn't hesitate in providing the answer to her question: "I call it my meditation room. There, you can have a good look at my

plague."

She didn't ask any more questions as she followed behind. The first thing she felt as she got close to the meditation room was

the heat and scented herb oozing out, and they were mind-numbing and created a form of case for her brain. He called it his

meditation room, but it was a healing room. She could already tell. He stepped in first, and as she entered, the door

shut.

She turned back, alarmed that she was trapped with him, but he chuckled lightly. There are many entries and exits, do not worry,

there are other ways out

She nodded, and turning around, she found him taking off his jacket. She held her hands up as a shield to prevent this god-like

man from defiling her eyes as her heart skipped a beat once more.

“What are you doing?” she demanded in a panicking tone.

He laughed. “You need to first take a look at my plague, and that is what I’m doing. I’m taking off my clothes so you can have a

look at it.”

“Oh,” she said, her hands dropping, realising she was the one overreacting.

Was she, though?

Nakedness.

It wasn’t something new to her. She was a nurse in the human world and had seen patients in their worst forms. Even before she

began the healing in the werewolf world, she had examined them to see the extent of the plague

This felt different, though; she was never alone with those people, nor had she had dreams of those patients in the past.

That made her unsettled,

“You do not need to be completely naked, do you?”

He glanced up at her, a smirk dancing at the corner of his lips. “Why? Do you want to see me completely naked?”

Her throat ran dry at his words, and she dropped her head. “That was not what I asked, my king.”

He chuckled; he seemed to be enjoying this: “Do not worry about anything; I will not be naked.”

She nodded. “So what do you do in this room?” She asked, trying to change the subject to a less tense one.

“Marion created it seven years ago. He was the first to know about my plague, and after running many experiments, he noticed

heat seemed to be the one that worked the most on the plague. So, I built this room, following his every direction.” He answered.

The room is a collection of natural herbs in heat, and the more I inhale, the less the pain of the plague is.”

“You never told me about the pain of the plague,” she said. She found a look on his face that told her he was struggling to

reveal it.

“It doesn’t happen always, but once in a while, it feels like my heart is being ripped out while the rest of my b\*dy feels on fire. It

used to be a nightmare before the meditation room was created. Now following the directions Marion listed out, though my b\*dy

feels the same torture, it recovers faster having already absorbed enough strength in this room,” he explained. “It didn’t cure the

plague, but it helped tame it. Without this room, I would have dropped dead already. Its purpose was to keep it subdued until we

found the cure.

“Now you have.”

“Now I have. His hand was on his last button as he said those words. Having it undone, he pulled the shirt off his b\*dy and

tossed it onto the stand at the corner.

Her eyes for the first time saw him from his wrist up to his shoulder, he was ripped and built up just like she had imagined. She

didn’t mean to lust after him, but she couldn’t help it. She felt ashamed of herself and her own desires, but she couldn’t tame

them or subdue them.

past five

She hadn’t been with anyone since the night she spent with him. It felt wrong, and though that wasn’t the case, she felt marked

by him, never to belong to another man. Her desires, just like her wolf form, had stayed dormant for the years. They were coming

back to their full awakening, and she didn’t know if she had the strength to tame them.

She nodded. “Will I return to the settlement after I’m done here?” She raised her brow.

“I don’t think you will have the strength to return when you’re finished here. His words were harmless, but she read a different

meaning into them, and she felt shivers rushing through her.

This will be hell.